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MAINE FARMER.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

FRESH MEADOWS OR BOG MEADOWS.

There is one department in the science of agriculture concerning which much is said, but in fact not much that is *certainly* known. This is respecting bog meadows, or, as some call them, fresh meadows—and some call them swamp lands. These terms, of themselves, are indefinite—they are general terms for low, wet lands; but we all know that these low, wet lands vary as much in composition as uplands do; and we all know that bog hay, or fresh meadow hay, varies as much in kind and quality, and even more so than upland hay. Hence we contend that more accurate information, and a more accurate nomenclature of the kinds of wet lands and grasses growing on them, are required.

As for the grasses, we are aware that botanists have named and described their specific characters so that they may easily be distinguished from each other. All this is well, and affords a facility for describing what is produced upon this kind of land. But what is now wanted is an analysis of the different kinds of grasses that grow upon these lands, in order to ascertain what nutritive qualities they possess, and what is lacking. The soils should also be correctly analyzed so as to ascertain what dressing is needed. Can any one tell what is the best mode of manuring these bog meadows, or what species of manure is best?

The term meadow hay, or bog hay, is a general one much used in our vicinity, but it is applied to very different species of grass which make up that hay. We know two neighbors who own meadows not far distant from each other. Both feed out the hay they cut there to their sheep and cattle during the coldest part of winter, but an inspection of their cattle would convince you that those belonging to one received much more nutrient from "meadow hay" than the other. On examining their barns this was very soon apparent. The hay from one meadow was made up of different species of "flat grass" as it is called, (*caricis*) that from the other contained blue joint, some foul meadow, and some other species of round grass, all of which contain more flint (silix or silecious matter) in their stalks or stems. To the eye there is no particular difference in the soil, and yet there must be much, or the growth would not be so different. We have observed that those grasses which contain silecious matter in them, as indicated by a smooth, glossy and hard covering, are more nutritious to cattle than those grasses which contain but little—thus herds grass, timothy, the straw of oats and barley, are very nutritious. The blue joint and foul meadow grasses that grow in low lands contain much more silex than the flat grasses or carices, and are more nutritious to cattle. The "green bright" or scouring rush (*equisetum*) that grows in the water and has a flinty coating on its stem, is very good fodder; while the flat grass and poly pods which will grow in the same spot when the water is drained off, is poor food for cattle—indeed so poor are some species that they have received the expressive name of "kill cow." Now whence arises all this difference? It must be owing to different ingredients in the soils, or to different conditions of the same ingredients; and the agricultural chemist who will point them out in a clear and simple manner, so that all can follow and profit by his researches, would confer a great favor on farmers.

What is the best mode of manuring wet meadows or bog land? We often hear complaints by farmers that their meadows have run out, or that they are not half as good as they used to be. One said to us the other day that his meadow had become good for nothing. Before he cleared it the blue joint used to be as high as his head, and now he got nothing but "kill cow." He attributed it to flowing water upon it by a dam below during the winter, but on enquiry we found that it used to be flooded as much or more when it bore such luxuriant crops of blue joint. He had cropped it year after year for some fifteen or more years—he had returned nothing in shape of manure—indeed, he had carried off tons and tons of matter, and nothing had been repaid, except what little might have been deposited by the water. Now, when the blue joint flourished, there were many bushes and shrubs which deposited their leaves there. The grass itself, when killed by frosts, fell down on the spot where it grew, and returned all that it had drawn from the soil, and what it had taken from the atmosphere to boot. Ought there not to be something of the kind done now to ensure a good crop of good grass. If more silex is wanted, perhaps common sand should be spread over it. If time is wanted, put on plaster of Paris. If alkaline matter, scatter on ashes or salt, according as potash or soda is needed. If carbonaceous matter is deficient, apply fine charcoal or compost.

We would suggest the following experiment to those who have meadows to be tried during the ensuing summer. Stake out several plots containing a square rod each. On one put ashes, on another scatter on sand—on another charcoal—on another salt—on another plaster of Paris—and note the results. Other suggestions and experiments will suggest themselves to the enquiring farmer, which we trust he will follow if he is able, and communicate to us what he learns.

PROLIFIC GRAFT. Mr. A. H. Lord, of Winthrop, had some grafts of the seckel pear put into a tree last spring. Some of them grew to the length of three feet during the season. One of them grew one foot, and also bore six pears which came to maturity. We think that was doing pretty well.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1846.

NO. 14.

CURE FOR SCAB IN SHEEP.

This troublesome disease was quite prevalent in our vicinity last year, but has been pretty much subdued. We have seen but one or two during the winter that were infected with it. Many of the poorer kinds of sheep that had it, were killed off in the fall, and the remainder were treated in various ways. A flock belonging to Mr. George King, and another to Mr. Tinkham of Monmouth, were cured by the following process. In November the diseased sheep were collected together. A wash was made in the following manner. Thirteen pounds of tobacco and a bushel and a half of poke root (*veratrumin viride* of botanists) were boiled up together, and water enough applied to nearly fill half a bushel. The sheep were each "soused" into this liquor and thoroughly washed, and afterwards laid upon an inclined board or gutter, and the superabundant liquor squeezed out of their wool, and conducted back again into the tub. This completely cured them, and not a sheep in their flocks has been troubled with the disease since.

CUT YOUR GRAFTS. Those who have not obtained what grafts they wish, are reminded that now is a good time to cut them. We have succeeded best in preserving them to put them into a box, cover them with dry sand, and put them in a cool place.

WHICH ARE THE MOST PROFITABLE, SHEEP OR COWS?

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

Having frequently put the above question to my brother farmers, and gaining no satisfactory answer, and likewise knowing that many run into extravagance in making their statements respecting it, I have endeavored (although I do not consider myself a farmer,) for two years past, to make a careful estimate of the income of both. In 1844 I kept on my farm where I live, four cows and three heifers, and from the milk, made as follows:

460 lbs. butter, sold at 13cts. per lb.	\$62.10
310 " " cheese, 64 "	13.57
150 " " for family use, worth	9.37
150 " " butter, " " "	20.25
200 lbs. pork, sold at 41cts. per lb.	9.00
One calf, worth	8.00
	\$128.10

Expense of marketing, \$2.00
Female labor six weeks, 4.50
Board of the same 4.50
Net income, \$117.10
16.72
\$100.38

Allowing ten sheep to a cow, which is the general opinion of farmers, I deduct the income of one cow, \$16.72.

I also kept fifty-nine sheep, which sheared 173 pounds, sold at \$71 cents per lb.

19 lambs worth \$1 apiece,	\$19.00
173 pounds wool,	64.87
	\$83.87

Expense of marking and shearing, 3.00

Net income, \$80.87

Cows exceed the sheep 19,051.

It will be seen that I raised but few lambs according to the number of my sheep, owing to their extreme youth. Respecting the calves, I usually give them away as soon as the milk begins fit for use.

Year '45 kept five cows and two heifers.

312 1/2 lbs. butter, sold at 1 shilling per lb.	\$52.08
22 " " in June, at 13 "	2.36
575 " cheese, when green, 64 "	35.93
130 " used in family, " "	8.12
150 " butter, " 1s "	25.00
200 " pork, sold at 6 cents "	12.00
	\$136.04

Female labor six weeks, \$4.02
Board of the same, 4.50
Marketing, 2.50
Net income, \$124.97

I kept 70 sheep which sheared 210 pounds of wool, worth 33 cents per lb.

34 lambs, worth \$34.00	
210 lbs. wool, worth 69.30	
	\$103.30

Expense of marking and shearing, 3.50

Net income, \$99.80

Leaving in favor of the cows, \$25.17.

I consider the milk and cream used in my family in the time, richly repaid us for milking. I think any farmer will readily perceive that I have not made too high an estimate in the pork, to say the least. After paying out the above small amount for labor, my wife has succeeded in making the dairy alone. A. L. BARTON.

Garland, March 13, '46.

A PORKER.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

A hog, 22 months and 13 days old, was slaughtered on the 16th instant, by James H. Farnum, Esq., of Rumford, weighing 679 lbs, and with 70 lbs of strained lard, of excellent quality. We are informed that this hog had no other but ordinary keeping till the time of commencing the fattening process, during which he consumed 15 bushels of corn, and a very small quantity of potatoes. A part of the feed was corn and cob meal, a part meal without the cob, and a part dry corn.

No accurate estimate can be made to show how large a profit was realized in fattening this hog, but we are informed that the quantity of corn consumed was something less than one bushel per week.

It is to be hoped that our farmers may continue to try experiments, and ascertain the best and most profitable modes of fattening swine.

J. E. ROLFE.

INDIAN CORN.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

Every farmer wishes, of course, to realize the largest possible amount of income per acre from his cultivated crops. But the farmer, while making up his calculation of profit, should never forget to take into the account the amount added to or subtracted from the fertility of the soil. One farmer may think proper to raise all the corn he can and sell the same; but farmer Thrifty, aware of the immense value of manure, converts his corn into pork. Very well, let us hear the result. We will suppose that farmer Thrifty realizes only fifty cents per bushel for his corn, and the other farmer gets eighty-three cents per bushel. The farmer who sells his corn exhausts his farm, and at length is only able by hard labor to raise sufficient for the consumption of his family. Farmer Thrifty pursues most perseveringly his plan of increasing his manure by artificial means. His crops of corn increase yearly in bulk, which enable him to fatten more and more swine—add more and more to his capital, and increase the quantity of his manure more and more each succeeding year. And in fine, it is easy to foresee that farmer Thrifty will grow rich, while the other farmer who sells all his corn will grow poor.

But, in point of fact, what we really need in agriculture is certainty and demonstration. I have set down the profit of farmer Thrifty at fifty cents per bushel, but who knows precisely what corn is worth per bushel for making pork?

A series of experiments will place this question in the right point of view, and settle the same, at least accurately enough to answer all practical purposes.

The disease which has attacked the potato in reality prove a blessing rather than a curse to our country. Our farmers may be driven by necessity to employ corn instead of potatoes to fatten their swine, and by so doing may be led to the discovery of facts which may prove of immense advantage to the agricultural interest. And, in conclusion, Mr. Editor, I will observe that I have merely touched upon a subject which I hope may provoke some able pens. Hope that sound theories may be somewhat sustained by experiments properly conducted.

J. E. ROLFE.

Rumford, March 1846.

BUCKWHEAT.

Buckwheat is a precious crop for poor soil, mountainous and cold. In many counties of this description, it is the principal harvest. It presents advantages which should cause it to be introduced into the better soils. This grain is as good as barley for feeding and fattening hogs, and is better than oats for horses. When cut in the flower, it is a good forage for cattle and horses; they eat it with pleasure when accustomed to it. In this respect it is very precious, because the readiness of its growth makes it extremely proper to take the place of other plants, which do not succeed so well. It is one of the best crops we know for making vegetable manure, turning it in the earth when in flower.

Buckwheat cannot bear frost. It should be planted when there is no fear of frost, in May, June, or even the beginning of July. Generally two and a half or three months ripens the grain; so that two crops may be had in summer; or the second may be cut green for forage, or be ploughed in for manure.

We must never forget that buckwheat requires thorough tilling of the soil. Four or five ploughings ought not to be spared.

Few crops suffer as much as buckwheat by sowing the grain too thick; and the seed must be slightly covered with soil. When it is intended to sow for turning in as manure, it may be sown as thick as wheat. In forty to fifty days it is in full bloom, then it should be turned in with the plough. The stalk and roots are then so tender, that decomposition soon takes place. By this what an abundance of manure for harvest is secured. What a manure preferable to almost all others. For this purpose the burying of the buckwheat must be perfect. You must have an excellent plough, such as instance, as the Flemish American, or the Dunham plough, which will turn over the soil like a spade.

Translated by H. MEIGS, From the Journal Belge of useful Knowledge, [N. Y. Farmer.

ON RAISING PEACHES. There is in Massachusetts land enough suitable for the peach, which is now almost unproductive, to produce as many bushels of peaches as there are inhabitants in the United States, and with proper attention we have no doubt that this excellent fruit could be raised in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.

Certainly enough can be raised in New England to supply this section, and when our fruit has ripened, we have nothing to fear from southern competition, for when peaches are 25 cents a basket in Philadelphia, they are sold in this market for \$4 a basket. This was the case lately; and the like occurs every season. A great deal of land in New England of an excellent soil and favorable location for peach trees, is now unproductive success. His mode is to cut off most of the top, then new shoots start out, and the small top has an abundant support from the root; but if the top be not reduced, to a considerable extent, it requires more nutriment, and the leaves transpire more moisture than the roots can at first supply, and the tree dies, or becomes stunted and will not recover from the check.

He took elms several inches in diameter, from wet land, covered with water, and set them in dry soil in front of his house. He cut off the tops down low, removing not only the limbs but a good part of the body of the tree, and in setting them he put loam around the roots, and turned in water, covering the soil over with sea weeds, and pieces of old boards this; and though this was done in a dry season, he applied no more water. It was done a few years ago, and the trees have grown out limbs and are in a fine flourishing condition.

A large pear tree was set last spring, the limbs and top cut off. Now it has new shoots of considerable extent, and its growth is very vigorous. It will have a fine top in a few years, and then the roots will have become well set, and thrown out numerous rootlets to support it. This mode of removing a top which cannot be supported, is the only successful way of treating large trees, and when the roots get in successful operation, a new top will soon be produced. [Boston Cultivator.

THIS accounts for the exhaustion of the wheat lands, in Western New York, from twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, twenty years ago, down to eleven bushels now. This accounts too, in part, for the check to the population of that region in the last few years. There will be general exhaustion and drain from all the other States, as long as land can be had in the West for \$1.25 and for nothing after a few years when emigrants and their descendants get a little stronger. [Ed. Farm. Lib.

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES. We lately saw on the farm of Friend Samuel Brown, Fenn-brook, several elms and pear trees of considerable size which had been transplanted with excellent success. His mode is to cut off most of the top, then new shoots start out, and the small top has an abundant support from the root; but if the top be not reduced, to a considerable extent, it requires more nutriment, and the leaves transpire more moisture than the roots can at first supply, and the tree dies, or becomes stunted and will not recover from the check.

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LARGE CHESTS.

Horses that are round, or "barrel-chested," are invariably more muscular and enduring than those of an opposite kind. Scientific sportsmen, in a great measure, guided in their opinion of a horse's racing qualifications by his girth just behind his shoulders; by this test, a jockey foretold the reputation and prowess of the celebrated racer Plenipotentiary, almost from the period of his birth. Cattle-dealers and butchers, in like manner judge by the chest and shoulders of

The Muse.

THE MERRY HEART.

I would not from the wise require
The number of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits—light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for divine Fortune's favour;
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With mere heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprise'd me in a luckless season;
Turd's all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love, you know, 's a reason fair;
And much improv'd, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Down the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with plught heart prepare,
The mind attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind;
Give, sometimes, give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good human find:
Yes—let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my soul may share;
And, pleased and pleased, let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

Never rail at the world—it is as we make it,
We see not the flower if we set not the seed;
And as for ill luck, why it's just as we take it—
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast;
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But remember this world, though it be not the best,
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
That feeling which questions society's claim;
For often poor Friendship is less in the fault,
Less changeable oft, than the selfish who blame.
Then ne'er by the changes of fate be depressed,
Nor wear like a fever's sorrowful chain;
But believe that this world, though it be not the best,
Is the next to the best we shall ever attain!

The Story Teller.

THE RIFLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LEISURE HOURS AT SEA.

—Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.”

The traveler who passes, during the summer or autumn months of the year, through the States of our Union that lie west of the Ohio river—Indiana and Illinois in particular—will often pause in his journey, with feelings of irrepressible admiration, to gaze on the ten thousand beauties which nature has spread through those regions with an uncommonly liberal hand. The majestic mountains, upholding the heavens on its cloudy top, does not, to see, arrest his astonished eye; and the roaring cataract, dashing from a dizzy height, and thundering down into whirling depths below, then rising again in upward showers, forms no part of the character of their quiet scenes. But the wide spread prairie, level as some waveless lake, from whose fertile soil the grass springs up with a luxuriance unparalleled in any other part of our country, and whose beautiful green is besprinkled with myriads of flowers, ravishing the sight with their loveliness, and filling the air with their sweets—and, again, on either side of these immense savannas, standing arrayed “like host to host opposed,” the leafy forests, whose silence has not often been broken by the voice of man, and through whose verdant recesses the deer stalk in herds, with the boldness of primeval nature—these are some of the scenes that call forth a passing tribute of praise from every beholder. Such is their summer aspect: but when winter “has taken angrily his vast inheritance,” not even a painter’s pencil can convey a just conception of the bleakness and desolation of the change. Then those extensive plains, lately covered with the infinitely diversified charms of nature, become one white unvaried waste; through the vista of the naked trees nothing meets the glance but snow; and if from the chilly monotony of earth, the wearied eye looks up to heaven, thick and heavy clouds, driven along upon the wind, seem surcharged to bursting, with the same frigid element. It was during the latter season that the incidents of our story took place.

About the middle of December, some ten or twelve years ago, before Illinois was admitted a sister State into the Union, on the afternoon of a day that had been uncommonly mild, and during the morning of which there had occurred a light fall of snow, two persons were seen riding along one of the immense prairies, in a northern direction. The elder seemed advanced in years, and was dressed in the usual habiliments of the country. He wore a cap, made of the skin of the otter, and a hunting-shirt of blue linsey-woolsey covered his body, descending nearly to the knees, and trimmed with red woolen fringe. It was fastened round the waist by a girdle of buck skin, to which was also appended a bullet-pouch, made of the same material with the cap. His feet were covered with buckskin moccasins, and leggings of stout cloth were wrapped several times round his legs, fastened above the knee and at the ankle with strings of green worsted. The horse he bestrode, was so small that his rider’s feet almost dragged on the ground, and he had that artificial gait which is denominated racking. The old man’s hair fell in long and uncombed locks beneath his cap, and was white with the frosts of many winters; while the lowness of his complexion gave proof of a long residence in those uncultivated parts of the country, where the excessive vegetable decay, and the stagnation of large bodies of water, produce perennial agues. His companion was a young man, dressed according to the prevailing fashion of the cities of the Eastern States; and his rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, evinced that he had not suffered from the effects of climate. He was mounted on a spirited horse, and carried in his hand, the butt resting on his toe, a heavy looking rifle.

“Well, Doctor Rivington,” said the elder person, “I should no more ha’ looked to see of you Yankees toting about wi’ you a real Kentuck rifle, than I should ha’ thought I’d be riding myself without one. If I didn’t see it in your hands, I could almost swear that it’s Jim Buckhorn’s.”

“You have guessed correctly, Mr. Silversight,” replied the young physician; “I believe you know almost every rifle in this part of the territory.”

“Why, I have handled a power of ‘em in my time, doctor,” said the old man, “and there are many good ones, atwixt Sangamo and the Mississippi, that I don’t know the valy on. I reckon now, that same rifle seems to you but a clumsy sort of a shooting-iron; but it’s brought down a smart chance of deer first and last. That lock’s a rail screamer, and there aint a truer bore—except mine, that I left down in the settlement, to get a new sight to—no, not atwixt this and Maj. Marham’s. It carries just ninety-eight, and mine a little over ninety-four to the pound. Jim has used my bullets often, when we’ve been out hunting together.”

“I was unacquainted with the worth of the gun,” resumed Charles Rivington; “but stepping into the gunsmith’s this morning, I heard him lament that he had missed a chance of sending it out to Jimmy Buckhorn’s, so, intending to come this way, I offered to take charge of it myself; in this wilderness country we must stand ready to do such little offices of friendship, Mr. Silversight.”

“Twas no doubt kindly meant, doctor, and Jim will be monstrous glad to git his piece agin,” said the hunter. “But my wonderment is, and I don’t mean no harm by it, how that tinker would trust such a screamer as that ‘ere, with a Yankee doctor. Do give it to me; I can’t ‘bide seeing a good rifle in a man’s hand that don’t know the valy on it.”

Doctor Rivington resigned the weapon with a good humored smile; for he had been some time in the country, and partly understood the love which a hunter always feels for a piece, of the character of that he had been carrying: he knew, too, though the old man’s manners were rough, there was nothing like roughness in his heart. Indeed, the very person who was loth to trust his young companion with a gun, intrinsically worth but a trifle, would nevertheless, as we shall presently see, have unhesitatingly placed it in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncounted or unlimited amount of money. The term Yankee, which we have heard him applying, in rather a contemptuous manner, was then, and for years after, used indiscriminately in reference to all such as emigrated from the States east of the Alleghany mountains. Handing the rifle across his horse to the old hunter, Charles Rivington observed.

“I am glad you have offered to take it, Mr. Silversight, for there appears to be a storm coming up, and as I wish to reach Mr. Wentworth’s to-night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing through the timber into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn’s.”

“Will you be going into town to-morrow, Doctor?” asked Silversight.

“I shall.”

“Well then, you can do me a good turn—Here,” said the old man, handing a little leather bag, “is fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest, four hundred and eighty-five in Shawnee-town paper, is wrapped in this bit of a rag. I want you to pay it into the land-office, to clear out the old Richly’s land; I was, and going to take it in; but you’ll do just as well, and save me a long ride.”

The physician promised to attend to the business; and they kept on together, conversing about such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until they reached the place where the path, dividing, pursued opposite directions.

“This is my nearest way, I believe?” said Charles.

“It is,” answered the old man. “This fresh track, that we noticed awhile ago, lies on my route; so I’ll push my nag a little, soon as I load this rifle, and it may so be, that I’ll overtake company. Doctor, look here, and you’ll know how an old hunter loads his piece—it may stand you in hand some day; I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a little smaller than Jim’s, you mind I told you. There,” said he, as he shoved the ball to its place, and carefully poised some priming into the pan; “it’s done in quick time by them who have slept, year in and year out, with red Indians on every side of ‘em. Good night to ye, Doctor; you needn’t lift the sarcapettes—the register may as well keep ‘em till old Richly goes in himself.”

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, as the night threatened shortly to set in dark and stormy. The old hunter, acknowledging to himself in mental sorrow, that the Doctor was “a nice and eute young fellow, considering he was raised among Yankees,” rode briskly along the path. He had proceeded about four or five miles further on his way, when he perceived that the track he before observed, turned aside, towards a little point of timber, that put out into the prairie, which detained him longer than he expected, he should not be able, on account of the darkness of the night, to read and search the scriptures, than he had found leisure to do before; and this was attended, as it always is, with the happiest results, a knowledge and love of him, “who to know is life eternal.” But we are dressing.

The family of Mr. Wentworth, with the addition of Charles Rivington, (whom, indeed, we might almost speak of as one of its members, for, on the coming New Year’s day, he was to receive the hand of their saucy Kate,) as the happy parents fondly termed her, were gathered round the fire-side, conversing cheerfully on every topic that presented itself, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Mr. Rumley, the deputy-sheriff of the county, entered the apartment. He apologized for his intrusion, by saying that having had business to attend to at a cabin farther up the prairie, which detained him longer than he expected, he should not be able, on account of the darkness of the night, to return to town until the following morning; he therefore hoped that he might be accommodated with a bed. His request was of course readily complied with.

He was a tall, dark person, dressed much in the manner of the unfortunate hunter, except that his leggings were of buckskin. He had lost an eye, when a young man, in a scuffle with an Indian, two of whom sprung upon him from an ambush; this, with a deep scar on his forehead, received in a tavern-brawl at New Orleans, two or three years before, and the wrinkles that age, or more likely his manner of life had ploughed, gave to his countenance a sinister and disagreeable expression. At this time, the haggard appearance of his face was increased, either from having been a long while exposed to the cold, or from some latent sickness working on him, for his lip quivered, and was of a bloodless hue, and he was remarkably pale. Charles Rivington, who often met him in his rides, was the first to notice the change from his usual appearance.

“You look pale and fatigued, Mr. Rumley; I hope you are not unwell.”

“No, sir—that is—yes I do feel a little sickish; and should be glad to go to bed, if it’s convenient,” answered Mr. Rumley.

“Perhaps there is something that we can do for you, sir,” said the maternal Mrs. Wentworth.

“No ma’am, I thank ye. I reckon a good night’s sleep will be best for me, it’s what cures all my ailings.” And in compliance with his wish, the guest was shown to his apartment.

One by one, the different members of this peaceful family sought their pillows, till soon Charles Rivington and the blushing Catharine were left sole occupants of the room. But though alone, they were not lonely: he had many an interesting talk to whisper into the maid’s ear for it was almost a week since they had met! and she, though something of a chatterbox, when none but her mother and brothers were present, on this occasion betrayed a wonderful aptitude for listening. The hours glided away; and the gray morning was already advancing when the happy young man, imprinting a good-night kiss upon her cheek, left her to those sweet dreams, which slumber bestows only upon the young and innocent.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town where he resided, was seated in his office, employed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying, at the same time, on the table before him, when three men abruptly entered the apartment.

tention, she every now and then, would send a furtive glance to the guest, thus telling, in the silent language of love, the tale she never could have found words to utter. We say she was beautiful; and if a complexion so clear, that—The eloquent blood spoke through her cheek, and so distinctly wrote,

That one might almost say of her, her very body thought—if laughing blue eyes, lighted up by intelligence and affection; smooth and glossy auburn ringlets; teeth white as the snow around her father’s dwelling, and a person which, though not tall, was well formed and graceful; if all these traits combined, constitute a claim to the epithet, it certainly belonged to her. She was modestly attired in a dress of no costly material; and the little feet that peered from underneath it, were clothed in white stockings of her own fabrication, and in shoes of too coarse a texture ever to have been purchased from the shelves of a fashionable city mechanic. Yet that same form had been arrayed in richer apparel, and had been followed by glances of warmer admiration, than perhaps ever fell to the share of those, who are ready to condemn her on account of her simple garb.

Catharine Wentworth was the daughter, (at the time we speak the only one,) of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the city of New York; but whom misfortunes in business had suddenly befallen, and stripped of all his fortune. While surrounded by affluence he had been considered remarkably meek and affable; but became proud and unsociable in adversity; and not caring to remain among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated, with his whole family to the wilds of Illinois. He was actuated in part, no doubt, by a higher and better motive. At that time he was the father of another daughter. Louisa, older than Catharine, was fast falling a victim to that disease, which comes over the human form, like Autumn over the earth, imparting to it additional graces, but too truly whispering that the winter of death is nigh. The medical attendant of the family, perhaps in the medical attendant of the family, perhaps in the city of New York, was then, and again when I had the chills in the fall, and you staved by me true than any friend I’ve had since my old mother died, except this ‘ere rifle; and I’m monstrous sorry I found it where I did. It may so be, that you’ve got a clear conscience yet; but whether or no, though old Silversight and me have hunted together many and many’s the day, you shall have fair play any how, damn me if you sha’n’t. That ‘ere rifle looks bad; if it had been a fair fight, we might a-hush’d it up, somehow or other.”

Our hero, while Buckhorn was speaking, had time to reflect that if Silversight were indeed, circumstances would really authorize this arrest. The rifle, which he was known to have carried with him from town, had been found, it seems, beside the murdered body. The money that the unfortunate man had entrusted to him, was discovered in his possession; and how could it be proved for what purpose it had been given to him? As these thoughts rushed rapidly through his mind, he turned to the officer, and observed,

“Mr. Pike, I yield myself your prisoner. I perceive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely, for a while, upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honor and fair dealing, until I shall either be enabled to prove my innocence, or heaven places in the hands of justice, the real perpetrator of the deed.”

So saying, he gathered up the money from the table and departed with the officer and his companions, to the house of Mr. Lawton, who, being a justice of the peace, had issued a warrant for his apprehension.

“I have always been glad to see you heretofore, Doctor Rivington,” said the magistrate, politely, on the appearance of that person before him, “and should be so now, were it not that you are charged with a crime, which, if proved, will call down the severest vengeance of the law. I hope and believe, however, that you can establish your innocence. Where were you, sir, on the afternoon of yesterday?”

“I went out to visit some patients, meaning to continue my ride as far as Mr. Buckhorn’s; and took his rifle with me, from the gunsmith’s, with the intention of stopping and leaving it: but I met with old Mr. Silversight, at the cross-roads, who was going up from the New Settlement, and he offering to take charge of it, I gave it to him. We parted at the fork, and I crossed over to Mr. Wentworth’s.”

“Did Mr. Silversight continue on his journey, having Jim Buckhorn’s rifle with him?” asked the Justice.

“Yes, sir; but before we separated he gave me this money,” handing the notes and specie to the magistrate, “requesting me to pay it into the land-office to day, to clear out Mr. Richly’s land. He said ther were five hundred dollars in all, and I was counting it when arrested.”

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“Charles! gracious Providence,” ejaculated the mother, catching the alarm of the menial, “what is the matter—surely nothing evil has happened to him?”

“Oh, nothing at all, at all, mistress,” responded Judy, striving to speak calmly, that she might not too suddenly shock the trembling parent; then, unable to control her feelings, she sobbed out, “my poor dear young master is in prison.”

“In prison!” exclaimed the astonished mother, turning quickly to the weeping girl, and grasping her arm, “Judy,” said she, with the earnestness of agonized apprehension, “tell me the whole truth—you have seen me bear calamity before—what does this mean?”

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“They are appaling indeed, sir,” said our hero, “and I can only reply to them—I am innocent. If the poor man was murdered, the one who did it must certainly have left tracks; and I fear they have fallen upon his trail, and taken it for mine. But it is in my power to prove that I had no weapons with me, except that unlucky rifle, and the gunsmith will testify that he gave me no balls with it.”

“The gunsmith has already been before me,” said Squire Lawton, “for I was loath to have you apprehended, except on an application backed by such proof as could not be rejected.”

“No ma’am, I thank ye. I reckon a good night’s sleep will be best for me, it’s what cures all my ailings.” And in compliance with his wish, the guest was shown to his apartment.

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“But, Judy, when we found the rifle laying by the dead body,” answered the distressed young man, “I very naturally said to Carloc, that that was the best trail we could have: for I know’d old Silversight had been down in the new settlement, and so, says I, the man what got this ‘ere rifle from Drill’s, must be the murderer: but if I’d a know’d it was the Doctor took it out, miss fire but I’d a-held my peace, if I never could shoot buck agin till I told it. I hardly believe he killed the old fellow now.”

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